

The C- - - T CANDIDATE and the COBLER.

A True TALE.

WHILE *Bribewell* every Art with *Jobson* us'd,
And the rough *Cobler* still the Gold refus'd,
He cry'd——' Not *Seven Guineas* for your Voice!
' Why these wou'd make you *sev'n long Tears* rejoice;
' That you refuse them pray the Reason tell?'
To whom the *Cobler* :——' If myself I sell,
' And for your Gold must send my Soul to H---l;
' I'll calculate my *Worth* to th' utmost Farthing,
' And therefore how much *you're* to get by th' Bargain;
' I'll set my Price, Sir, when that you'll be plain,
' And tell what *you're* to sell me for again.'

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